

The Janesville Gazette.

MONDAY, MAY 8, 1865.

Street Scene in Richmond.

The Richmond correspondent of the *N. Y. Evening Post* is responsible for the following sketch of the change that has come over Richmond:

I was privileged to listen this morning to a discussion in front of the Spottwood House, which illustrated in a striking manner the "march of opinion." Four years ago it would have been unsafe to preach abolition doctrine right in the heart of Richmond, but that was the doctrine I heard proclaimed to-day, in the presence of a delightful audience. It came about in this way: A civilian visitor, getting into conversation with a young Southerner, returned some remark in favor of the negro. It was resented by the strippling, who carried a nimble tongue, whereupon the other declared with emphasis that the loyal blacks were "better than white traitors, any day." The youth, flushing up, said he wouldn't submit to such language; it was ungenerous to insult men who acknowledged themselves beaten. "But I tell you," said the other, "you shall submit to it; I've come down here for the express purpose of saying in Richmond what I have always been free to say in New York. You are worse than your slaves; you are even worse than the savages of middle Africa, and I'll prove it. These savages are fond of making trinkets from the bones of their victims. So are you. Didn't you roast the flesh from the bones of our dead soldiers at Bull Run to make finger rings and parlor ornaments for your rebel Jezebels? The savages of Africa have a fondness for drinking from the skulls of those they have slain in battle, or slaughtered for their feasts. Haven't you done the same thing? In Central Africa the negroes divide themselves into small tribes, each warring with the other, and even boasting an absolute sovereignty. Haven't you been trying to cut up the Union into petty sovereignties, each state striving for an exclusive dominion? Don't you nimb just as the savages of Africa do, to put the weak under the feet of the strong; don't you oppress the defenceless; haven't you starved our prisoners and murdered in cold blood women and children, for no other cause than loyalty? Cannibals of Ethiopia are shrouded in ignorance, but you have sinned in the face of light and knowledge; you have known better, but refused to be human: just because slavery, your nursing mother, was born in the lap of the devil, and feeds her children on hell-broth!"

That was strong talk for Richmond, but it was listened to by a sidewall audience of two or three hundred persons—soldiers and others—and was actually applauded. The young southerner stamped, raved and swore, but it was of no use; his tormentor was pitiless, and when the crowd opened to let the victim pass, he shot away as if a forty-pound ball were at his back! It will take some time for this dose, administered by a northern "fanatic," to accomplish a perfect digestion.

General Grant's Philadelphia Residence.

[From the Philadelphia Age, May 1.]

The handsome furnished mansion on West Chestnut street, purchased and fitted up at a cost of fifty thousand dollars by the citizens of Philadelphia, as a present to our Lieutenant General, was opened on Saturday for inspection, and in the course of the day was visited by a large number of ladies and gentlemen. The mansion is twenty-two feet front, one hundred and five feet deep and four stories in height. The front is of sandstone, and has a balcony under the first story windows. In the interior the arrangements combine elegance and convenience. There is a spacious hall and a handsome staircase ascending from it to the fourth story, lighted by a window on the roof. There is also a private staircase leading to the dining room and kitchen.

Back of the chambers on the second and third floors are bath rooms, which are elegantly fitted up. The parlor about seventeen by forty feet, is superbly furnished, the carpets being of velvet, the furniture of walnut, and the curtains of the richest lace. The piano and all the articles of furniture in the room are in the highest style of mechanical arts. Vases of an antique pattern decorate the richly carved mantel; and an elegant clock, surmounted by a figure representing the historian, is in the center of it. On the center table, is a magnificent copy of the Bibles.

Passing on to the dining room are exposed to view, on an extension table, a silver tea set and a china dinner and tea set, together with pearl handled knives and silver forks. A prominent figure on it is a large silver candelabra and flower stand combined. In the dining room is a very beautiful sideboard.

The chambers on the second floor are finished in almost as costly a style as the parlors. Velvet carpets are on the floors, a splendid Jenny Lind bedstead is in each room, with beautiful dressing bureaus and wardrobes. The reception room, on the second floor back, is also richly furnished. In the third story chambers the floors are covered with Brussels carpeting, and the furniture is of a superior kind. All parts of the house are furnished in the most complete manner, and when the family of the General takes possession of it, which they are expected to do to-day, they will find in the pantry some of the substantialst of life, and coal in the cellar with which to do the cooking.

A Reasonable Speech.

The speech of Edward Ingersoll, which excited against him the ire of a Philadelphia mob, was delivered at an aristocratic dinner in New York, on the 12th inst., and contained the following seditionist passages:

I yield to no man in sympathy for the people of the South, a gallant people, struggling nobly for their liberty against as sordid and vile a tyranny as ever proposed the degradation of our race. Nay, I go further, and with Jefferson, Madison and Livingston, I fully embrace the doctrine of Secession as an American doctrine without the element of which American institutions cannot permanently live.

I call upon the laboring and producing classes of America, the defenders of American institutions, to set it that not dollar of this national curse be transferred from the revolutionary neck of Abolitionism, where it is now pendant, to the institutions of their country. I call, sir, upon the laboring and producing classes of America to protect their children and their children's children from the poverty and vice which introduction of this political element will bring upon them.

Vaunting as high a sense of pecuniary obligation as any man, vaunting for America the highest sense of national honor, I say to the laboring and producing classes of America, that in the utter rejection of this revolutionary curse of Abolitionism, the high integrity of American institutions, and of Jeffersonian Democracy, will "moult no feather."

A member of General Grant's staff has left Washington for Cairo, to inquire into the causes of the *Sultana* disaster.

The Lesson of Lincoln's Death--His Position in History.

[From a Speech by Wendell Phillips at Tremont Temple, Boston, April 2d.]

These are sober days. The judgments of God have found us out. Years gone by chastised us with whips—these chastise us with scorpions. Thirty years ago how strong our mountain stood, laughing prosperly on all its sides! None headed the fire and gloom which slumbered below. It was nothing that a giant sin gagged our pulpit; that its mobs ruled our streets, burnt men at the stake for their opinions, and hunted them like wild beasts for their humanity. It was nothing that in the lonely quiet of the plantation there fell on the unpitied person of the slave every torture which hellish ingenuity could devise. It was nothing that as a husband and father, mother and child, the negro drained to his dregs all the bitterness that could be pressed into his cup, torn with whip and dogs, starved, hunted, tortured, racked him—*"How long, oh Lord, how long!"* In vain did a thousand witnesses crowd our highways, telling to the world the horrors of this prison house. None stopped to consider, none believed. Trade turned away its deaf ear—the church gazed on them with stony brow—letters passed by with mocking tongue. But what the world would not look at, God has set today in a light so ghastly bright, that it almost dazzles blind. What the world refused to believe, God has written all over the face of the continent, with the sword's point, in the blood of our best and most beloved. We believe the agony of the slave's hovel, the mother and the husband, when it takes its seat at our board. We realize the barbarism that crushed him in the sickening and brutal use of the reliefs of Bull Run, in the torture and starvation of Libby Prison, where idiocy was mercy, and death was God's best blessing; and now still more bitterly we realize it in the coward spite which strikes an unarmed man, unwarned, behind his back; in the assassin's fingers which stab with bloody knife at the throats of old men on sick pillows. Oh, God! let this lesson be enough. Spare us any more such costly teaching!

This deed is but the result and fair representative of the system in whose defense it was done. No matter whether it was previously approved at Richmond, or whether the assassin, if he reached the confederates, be received with all honor, as the wretch Brooks was, and as this bloodier wretch will be, wherever rebels are not dull with fear of our cannon. No matter for all this. God shows the terrible act to teach the nation, in unmistakable terms, the terrible foe with which it has to deal. But for this fiendish spirit, North and South, which holds up the rebellion, the assassin had never either wished or dared such a deed. This lurid dash only shows us how black and wide the cloud from which it sprang.

And what of him in whose precious blood this momentous lesson is writ? He sleeps in the blessings of the poor, whose fetters God commissioned him to break. Give prayers and tears to the desolate widow and the fatherless, but count him blessed far above the crowd of his fellow men. [Fervent cries of "Amen!"] He was permitted himself to deal the last staggering blow which sent rebellion reeling to its grave; and then, holding his darling boy by the hand, to walk the streets of its surrendered capital, while his ears drank in praise and thanksgiving which bore his name to the throne of God in every form piety and gratitude could invent, and finally, to seal the sure triumph of the cause he loved with his own blood. He caught the first notes of the coming jubilee and heard his own name in every one. Who among living men may not envy him? Suppose that when a boy he floated on the slow current of the Mississippi, idly gazing at the slave upon its banks, some angel had lifted the curtain, and shown him that in the prime of his manhood he should see this proud empire rocked to its foundation in the effort to break those chains, should himself marshal the hosts of the Almighty in the grandest and holiest war that Christendom ever knew, and deal with half reluctant hand, that thunderbolt of justice which would smite the foul system to the dust—die, leaving a name immortal in the sturdy pride of one race, and the undying gratitude of another—would any credulity, however sanguine, any enthusiasm, however fervid, have enabled him to believe it? Fortunate man! His had lived to do it! [Applause.] God has graciously withheld him from any fatal misstep in the great advance, and withdrawn him at the moment when his star touched its zenith, and the nation needed a sterner hand for the work God gives it to do.

No mutter now that, unable to lead and form the nation, he was contented to be only its representative and mouthpiece; no matter that with prejudices hanging about him, he groped his way very slowly and sometimes reluctantly forward; let us remember how patient he was of contradiction, how little obstinate in opinion, how willing, like Lord Bacon, "to light his torch at every man's candle," with the least possible personal hatred, with too little sectional bitterness, often forgetting justice in mercy; tender-hearted to any misery his own eyes saw, and in any deed which needed his actual sanction, if his sympathy had limits, recollect he was human, and that he welcomed light more than lost men, was more honest than his fellows, and with a truth to his own convictions such as few politicians achieve. With all his shortcomings, we point proudly to him as the natural growth of democratic institutions. [Applause.] Coming time will put him in that galaxy of Americans which makes our history the day star of the nation.—Washington, Hamilton, Franklin, Jefferson and Jay. History will add his name to the bright list, with a more loving claim on our gratitude than either of them. No one of those was called to die for his cause. For him, when the nation needed to be raised to its last dread duty, we were prepared for it by the baptism of his blood.

A WORD TO FARMER'S BOYS.—We hope every farmer's son will set out at least one ornamental tree on the homestead this spring. It will be one of the first things he will look at when he returns home at some future time. We always search out the apple trees that we raised from the seed—large venerable looking trees, and derive a peculiar pleasure as they help the memory to run back to the scenes and pleasures of boyhood. To-day we saw a beautiful maple that we set out twenty-six years ago. Go and get a healthy looking sugar maple, with as many roots as possible. Cut the top off, but leave the small under branches. Set it out before the buds begin to swell, in a rich soil, and it will grow and be an ornament to your home.

Almost every boy is anxious for the time to come when he shall go away from home and see the world for himself, but after he has been bruised about a few years, he turns his eyes towards the home of his boyhood where every object has a peculiar interest, and if he can see a beautiful tree that his own hands planted, it will add much to his pleasure. Parents are often advised to make home attractive to their boys, but boys can do much themselves. We hope that when we ride by your home, we shall see some trees planted by your own hands.—*Mr. Farmer.*

Little Girl Lost.

She has bright golden hair of the color of October sunlight, dancing black eyes, and rosy cheeks. You will notice her particularly, because of this strange blending of the blond and brunette. She is two years and a half old, and calls herself "Foy"—the short for Florence. She has a way of looking up into your face with a curious winsome self-justifying smile, when you correct her and saying, "Foy is nothin' but a baby, anyway." She has quaint, original ways. Sometimes, when having been hard at play, she comes and says "Mamma take Foy," but at night instead of being rocked to sleep in my arms, she likes to lie down in her own little bed, wide awake and alone, and to sing herself to sleep with odds and ends of songs, in which "fighting mit Seg!" "Don Brown," "Far away," and "I have a papa in the promised land," is all mingled in a glorious medley. Faunter and faunter grow her snatches of song and finally she is asleep, her dolly hugged close to her little heart. I have sometimes thought, since she got lost, that some instinct led her to go to bed alone in this way, that I might not miss her so much when she came to leave me.

Yes, the little girl is lost. There is a great silence in the house. Her little bed will never be pressed by her dear form any more; its pillows will never again feel the weight of her bright head; it looks empty and lonesome, like the robin's nest from which the robin has flown away. In her rocking chair sits her orphaned dolly. There are no little busy hands to change her frocks; no little prattling mouth to praise and chide her with cunning, wise words. Dolly stares straight at the wall, and waits in vain for her kind little mamma to come back. The A B C blocks, piled regularly up, will never be disturbed again by the swift fingers that so triumphantly found "M for Mamma," "F for Foy," "G for Gramma," and on through the household list. The tea set, with its worn, housewifey jams and cracks, is getting dusty from disuse. The "dog's ears" in her picture books are getting straightened from being so long unopened. The swing in the shed is hung up. A certain little red cart, whose wheels used to be very noisy, is laid away in the corner. The house is all the time orderly and trim. I miss the bits of bright ribbon, and torn paper, and balls, and pictures, and sometimes a pulled-off shoe that used to bestrew the carpet. My work basket will surely be, wherever rebels are not dull with fear of our cannon. No matter for all this. God shows the terrible act to teach the nation, in unmistakable terms, the terrible foe with which it has to deal. But for this fiendish spirit, North and South, which holds up the rebellion, the assassin had never either wished or dared such a deed. This lurid dash only shows us how black and wide the cloud from which it sprang.

Yes, the little girl is lost. She did not want to go away at first. For eleven days we held one hand and the angels held the other. And the angels won her at last. One sunny noon-tide they stole her away. They told her that the world was too hard and cruel for such a loving tender little soul as hers, that they had permitted her to come here only to show us of Heaven; and that she might go back with them now into the land of Light and Beauty. Thus they won her away. Her soul went up out of her soft, bright eyes, saying "pretty, pretty"—just as one other soul once said "it is beautiful," when looking beyond the valley of the shadow—and our little girl was lost to us. There was only a beautiful dead form left, upon which we could rain our tears; a white, still face, whose strange, subtle smile seems still to rebuke the selfish hungry kisses that fell upon it. We cut off some of her sun-curly hair because they seemed alive still; and this one that I hold now always clings to itself, around my finger, as it were her little spirit caressing me.

Good by, little Florence! I sometimes think you are the "lost" and that you only have the blessed Home.

MARIE MICONETTE.

How to Plant Grape-Vines.

When a number of vines are to be planted, it is best to dig the holes before the vines are taken into the field; and when they are taken from the place where they have been heeled-in, their roots should be kept in a box or basket filled with damp moss, or protected in some manner from the air and sun. The vines should also be pruned before they are taken into the field. Prune the roots, as has already been directed, and cut off the stems to about eighteen inches. The holes to receive the vines should be dug in a circular form, and from six to ten inches deep upon the outside, and four to six inches in the center; then set a good strong stake in the center of the hole, for unless the stake is placed in position before the vine is planted, there is great danger of injuring some of the roots in driving it down by its side after it is in position. Now set the vine in the center of the hole close by the stake, spread out the roots in every direction, and then throw on a little soil as you proceed, to hold them in position. When all the roots are properly distributed, then fill up the hole, pressing down the soil with the foot—the weight of a man will not be too much pressure to give the roots over the roots. It requires two men to work to advantage in planting, one to place the vine in position and spread out the roots, and another to put on the earth. The roots should always descend a little from the stem to their furthest point, and in pressing down the soil upon them, it should be given the same pressure, as near as may be, along their whole length. If the vines are planted in the fall, then a small mound of earth should be made around the stem, so as to protect two or three buds above those that would be covered if the ground were made level.

The earthy soil will not be too much pressure to give the roots over the roots. It requires two men to work to advantage in planting, one to place the vine in position and spread out the roots, and another to put on the earth. The roots should always descend a little from the stem to their furthest point, and in pressing down the soil upon them, it should be given the same pressure, as near as may be, along their whole length. If the vines are planted in the fall, then a small mound of earth should be made around the stem, so as to protect two or three buds above those that would be covered if the ground were made level.

After Management.—When the buds begin to push out, select the strongest and rub the others off; a bud near the ground is preferable to one that is a foot above, and this is one reason why the vines should be cut off quite short when planted, as it makes the lower buds more sure to push. After the one bud or shoot has been selected, the old stem above it may be cut off to within two inches of the young shoot. As the young cane grows, it will tie itself to the stake, but do not tie it tightly as to interfere with its expansion as it grows. Keep the laterals stopped according to the directions already given. Stir the soil about the plants, the sooner the better, and keep down all weeds.

Bass is an excellent material for tying the vines, as it is not liable to injure the tender shoots; besides, it unusually costs less than common twine.

When any particular vine, or a number of them, do not grow as rapidly as desired, they should receive some extra stimulant, either liquid manure from the barnyard, or a solution of some of the concentrated manures in water, giving enough to completely saturate the soil to their roots. When it is not convenient to apply stimulants in a liquid form, a barrow load of compost may be spread upon the surface about the vine. We should endeavor to produce a uniform growth, so that all the

vines in each row, at least, shall be as nearly of the same size as possible.

The vines, at the end of the first season, will usually be large enough to be pruned for training, but many of the more feeble growing varieties will require another year, and they should be cut back in the fall or winter to two or three buds, only one of which should be allowed to grow, as in the first year.—*Fuller.*

An Unrevealed Scene in James Buchanan's Cabinet.

[From the Philadelphia Press, 26th.]

In the thrilling speech of Hon. Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, pronounced at a public dinner given at the Charleston hotel, Charleston, South Carolina, on the evening of the day when the old flag was raised by General Anderson over Fort Sumter, he made the following allusion to a scene which took place in Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, at the close of the last Administration:

In the world's history it has occasionally happened that wicked statesmen and rulers have made great, and, for themselves, fatal mistakes in the choice of the instruments of their crimes; but of all the blunders of this class which have occurred, probably the most complete, the most disastrous for the plans of him who made it, was that committed by the traitor Floyd when he selected, then Major, now Major General, Anderson to command the forts of Charleston harbor. This was the more remarkable since Floyd seldom mistook his men, as is sufficiently shown by his assignment of Twiggs to the Department of Texas, and by other appointments and adjustments of the military service looking to the lubrication of the machinery of the rebellion, on which I will not pause to comment.

Great, too, have been the surprise and terror of these wicked rulers when they have found their trusted instruments failing in their hands; but perhaps few of these exhibitions have equalled that which was witnessed at Washington when the unflattering fidelity of Major Anderson and his little command was first fully manifested.

When intelligence reached the capital by a bold and dexterous movement, his command had been transferred from Moultrie to Sumter, and was safe from the disabled guns left behind, the emotions of Floyd were absolutely uncontrollable—emotions of mingled mortification, and anguish, and rage, and panic.

His fury seemed that of some baffled fiend, who discovered suddenly opening at his feet the gulf of ruin which he had been preparing for another. Over all the details of this passionate outbreak of a con-

siderator, caught and entangled in his own toils, the veil of official secrecy still hangs, and it may be that history will never be privileged to transfer this memorable scene to its pages.

Boston Corbett, the Man who Killed Booth.

[From the Boston Journal.]

NEW YORK, April 28. Sergeant Corbett, who shot Booth, is well known in this city. He was a constant attendant of the Fulton-st. Meeting, and greatly annoyed it by what was considered his fanaticism. He took part frequently, and in his prayers was in the habit of adding "er" to all his words, as "O Lord—hear'er our prayer'er." When anything pleased him he would shout, "Amen, Glory to God," in a sharp, shrill voice, to the great horror of the Dutchman who controls the meeting. All remonstrance was in vain, and he shouted to the very last. He enlisted in the Twelfth Regiment, and made conscience his guide there. He was perpetually in hot water because he would follow the order of his conscience rather than the military order. He prayed in the corner of his tent regularly night and morning, nor could the taunts nor jeers of his associates turn him aside. I have seen him often in the guard house, with his knapsack full of bricks as a punishment, with his testament in his hand, lifting up his voice against swearing, preaching temperance, and calling upon his wild companions to "seek the Lord."

One day at a dress parade in Franklin square, Butterfield cursed and damned the regiment for something he did not like. Corbett stepped out of the ranks, and reproved the Colonel for breaking God's law.

He was of course put under arrest. He made up his mind that the time for which he enlisted expired at 12 o'clock at night on a certain day. He gave notice that he should go home when his time was out.

He was put on picket duty, and as the hour of midnight was sounded he laid his gun down on the line and marched off.

The order was not executed, but he was drummed out of the regiment. Nothing daunted he enlisted again. He was in a detachment of the New York Sixteenth, who were hemmed in by Moses, near Culpeper. All surrendered except Corbett. He stood out manfully with his revolver and breech-loading rifle. He killed seven men before he surrendered. He brought his man down every time he fired, and as each rebel fell he shouted: "Amen! Glory to God!" just as he used to at the Fulton-street meeting. Moses liked his pluck and ordered his men not to shoot him.

The Janesville Gazette.

Wants, Sales, Bents, &c.

Miscellaneous.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

FOR SALE.—I offer for sale my house on Main street. The grounds are well stocked with shrubbery and fruit. *A. K. ALLEN.*

THE JANEVILLE GAZETTE.

Special Notices.

REMOVAL!

Mr. M. B. JOHNSON has removed to Jackman & Smith's New Building, over the Rock County Bank, where he will wait upon his friends and customers in his department of dentistry.

HAIR DYE! HAIR DYE!

Bachelor's Hair Dye is the best in the world. The true and perfect dye—Harmless—Instantaneous and Reliable—produces a splendid Black or Natural Brown—removes the ill effects of Bad Dyes, and frequently restores the original color. Sold by all Drug-gists. The genuine is signed, W. A. Bachelor, 81 Main street, New York. Jan'dawly83

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

GOLGATE'S HONEY SOAP.

This celebrated Toilet Soap, in such universal demand, is made from the choicest materials, is mild and emollient [in its nature, fragrantly scented, and extremely beneficial in its action upon the skin. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. Jan'dawly83

Books & Stationery.

THE FOURTH GREAT ARRIVAL

For this season or

PAPER HANGINGS,

Embracing many new and

SUPERIOR STYLES,

And all of which I will sell at the

LOWEST MARKET PRICES

The fact that I am selling more than all others in the city together, is evidence that the place to purchase

PAPER HANGINGS

IS AT

SUTHERLAND'S BOOKSTORE.

May 6th, 1865. spudawly83

WALL PAPER, WALL PAPER.

LEAVITT & DEARBORN

Have received their

Third Invoice

Or this

SPRING STYLES OF

WALL PAPER.

Remember the place to buy Wall Paper is at

Leavitt & Dearborn's Bookstore,

Where the

LARGEST STOCK

And the

FINEST STYLES

Are to be found. mar22dawly83

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES.

The World's Favorite.

It is simple and quiet. It has the

GLASS CLOTH PRESSER.

It has the most perfectly working lever in use.

Its motion is all ROTATING.

The wear upon its bearing is easily taken up.

Its motion is all ROTATING.

In gathering, tearing, pulling, pricking, binding, and cording, are the adiustments of all.

No heating is required.

If any are doubtful of the ability of this machine to work perfectly on any grade of textile fabric,

work perfectly on any grade of textile fabric